Chapter 290: The Dream Realm Audience

The Dream Realm was a sanctuary where mortals and immortals could meet their divine rulers, a dimension that transcended reality and existed within the spiritual consciousness of Sung Jin-Woo's followers. For the faithful of the King of Shadows, this realm was sacred—a place where they could stand in the presence of their god and receive his guidance.

Sung Jin-Woo often entered this realm to commune with his followers, granting them visions and teachings that would strengthen their resolve. Here, his presence was unrestrained by mortal limitations.

The Dream Realm Manifestation

When his followers entered the Dream Realm, they found themselves in the shadow of a colossal castle, the Umbra Citadel, its spires piercing the endless void of stars. The structure exuded an overwhelming aura of majesty and fear, its dark silver walls glowing faintly with runes that told stories of conquest and divinity.

At the heart of the citadel was a throne room that seemed to stretch endlessly into the heavens. There, Sung Jin-Woo sat upon a gigantic throne, forged from the remains of shattered stars and adorned with obsidian and dark silver motifs. His figure was nothing short of awe-inspiring.

He appeared as a towering figure, 30 meters tall, his twelve wings unfurled behind him in a radiant display of dominance. Each wing shimmered with dark energy, their edges glowing faintly with a silvery hue. His presence alone was enough to make even the boldest of his followers tremble in reverence.

Upon his head rested a seven-horned golden mask-helmet, its design intricate and divine, emanating an aura of ultimate authority. It obscured much of his face, but his glowing violet eyes burned through the slits, piercing into the very souls of those who gazed upon him.

He wore a suit of dark silver adamantine armor, every piece gleaming with an otherworldly light, indestructible and imbued with cosmic energy. A flowing black cape cascaded from his shoulders, billowing as though caught in an eternal, unseen wind. In one hand, he held a scepter, crowned with a crystal that pulsed with the essence of the void itself. In the other, his one-edged sword rested, its blade shimmering with an eerie black-purple glow, a weapon forged to cut through gods and worlds alike.

The Arrival of the Followers

When his followers entered the throne room, they appeared as flickering specks of light before him, mere motes compared to his colossal form. Yet, each follower was treated with care and respect, for their faith had earned them the right to stand in his presence.

As they bowed before him, Sung Jin-Woo's voice echoed through the Dream Realm—a deep, resonant sound that seemed to come from all directions at once.

“Rise, my faithful. You have been brought here because your devotion has not gone unnoticed. Speak your desires, your fears, your doubts. I shall guide you.”

His words were not just heard but felt, vibrating through their very beings. The followers, now fully enveloped in his divine aura, found themselves both humbled and emboldened.

Dispensing Guidance

One of the priests, a mortal who had ascended to an S^{20}-Rank immortal, stepped forward. His mount—a Black Wyvern—remained in the background, as mounts were unnecessary in this sacred space. He knelt before Sung Jin-Woo, his voice trembling but steady.

“My lord, we seek your wisdom. Our realm faces incursions from beings who claim divinity. They challenge our faith and strength. What must we do?”

Sung Jin-Woo leaned forward slightly, the glow of his eyes intensifying.

“Do not waver. They are nothing compared to the power I have bestowed upon you. Remember the strength that flows within your second heart. You are more than they can ever comprehend. Rise and face them, not as mortals, but as my chosen warriors. And if they persist…call upon my shadows. They shall be eradicated.”

The priest, now emboldened, bowed deeply. “Your will shall be done, my lord.”

Bestowing Blessings

Another follower, a female warrior who had recently ascended, stepped forward. Her mount—a Griffin—manifested briefly before fading into the background. She knelt and spoke with determination.

“My king, I seek strength. I wish to bring honor to your name in all realms. Bless me with your power so that I may serve you better.”

Sung Jin-Woo raised his scepter, and a beam of white light emanated from the crystal at its tip, enveloping the warrior. She gasped as the light filled her, enhancing her strength, sharpening her mind, and reinforcing her resolve.

“You are blessed, my warrior. Go forth and show the cosmos what it means to bear my mark.”

The warrior, her body glowing faintly with the bestowed power, bowed deeply. “Thank you, my king. I shall not disappoint.”

A Beacon of Unity

As the audience continued, Sung Jin-Woo addressed all his followers collectively.

“You are my shadowed legion, my chosen heralds. Wherever you tread, let the realms tremble in awe of your might. But remember this—your strength comes not from conquest alone. It comes from unity, from the bonds you share as my faithful. Protect one another, for you are more than warriors. You are my family.”

His words resonated deeply with the followers, filling them with a renewed sense of purpose. In the Dream Realm, their individual voices joined together in a chant of devotion, their faith echoing through the vast expanse.

“Hail the Shadow King! Hail Sung Jin-Woo!”

The Dream Ends

As the audience concluded, Sung Jin-Woo raised his scepter, signaling the end of the gathering. The Dream Realm began to dissolve, the towering figure of the King of Shadows fading into the distance.

When the followers awoke, they found themselves back in their respective realms, their minds and bodies still tingling with the divine energy of their king. Those who had received blessings felt their power surge, while others carried a renewed sense of purpose, ready to fulfill their god’s will.

The Legacy of the Dream

The Dream Realm audiences became a hallmark of Sung Jin-Woo’s reign. Unlike the other divine beings, who often remained distant from their followers, he chose to meet them directly, to guide and empower them personally. His towering presence, his divine words, and the blessings he bestowed ensured that his followers would remain loyal, devoted, and unshakable.

Through these audiences, the King of Shadows solidified his place not just as a god, but as a living legend, a beacon of power and purpose for all who served him.